EPIC COMICS

SIX FROM SIRIUS II 1
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SIX FROM SIRIUS 2™

by DOUG MOENCH and PAUL GULACY

GULACY ©'85

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WHAT HAPPENED ON HEAVENSTONE...*

Agents of the Sirius Hub—Jakosa Lone, Skreed, Zematin-Lar, Grod, LaMasque, and Starn—are assigned to prevent a war, between the rival planets of Balsamo and Axellon, over the moon, Heavenstone. To succeed they must: rescue the Balsamo Peace Negotiator from prison, find the Five Elders—the founders of the "cult" that inhabits Heavenstone—and make sure the Negotiator gets to Heavenstone for the treaty talks.

Phaedra, the Peace Negotiator is the key, only *with* her can the Six succeed. Yet, all the forces around Phaedra seem bent on stopping her from reaching Heavenstone. Her own people send teams of assassins after her. The Five Elders want her life essence. The Balsamoites do succeed in capturing Phaedra. She tries to escape; in doing so Phaedra attains Mind-Prime—the melding of self with all life essences; even that of machines—and discovers the truth about herself. She is Shardreena, an agent to the Sirius Hub, and the estranged lover of Jakosa Lone. Once a blood and flesh woman, she has been mentally altered and encased in a flawless android body—a "fax"—so she may pass as the late Phaedra.

Meanwhile, the Six have discovered they are merely pawns; their government only wants Heavenstone for its Cidrion Crystals—the basis of Sirius' advanced technology—regardless of the cost in human life. The Six decide to go "freelance" and save Heavenstone, knowing that their actions may be deemed treason. The desperate nature of their new "assignment" pushes one of the Six to take drastic measures. Believing Phaedra lost to them, and knowing only with her that they have any hope of stopping the war, Zematin-Lar places her life essence in a Phaedra-like fax body. A strafing run, however, destroys Zemmie's body trapping her within the fax body.

All the forces are finally gathered to "talk." Each party trying to gain the upper hand. The Axellons threaten to blow up everyone there. The Balsamoites activate their Doomsday weapon. In the confusion that ensues, Phaedra/Shardreena arrives to stop the slaughter using the power of Mind-Prime. She is successful, and stops the war. The cost, however, is her life.

(*As fully detailed in our first limited series SIX FROM SIRIUS 1-4)

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AFTER THE DEATH OF PHAEDRA...

...SIX OTHERS LIVE ON...

EYETEETH PART I
OPERATION: TROJAN HORSE
HIM--?
A FUGITIVE?

--FOLLOWING SIX WANTED FOR TREASON AGAINST SIRIUS SWARM. BOUNTY: ONE-QUARTER MILLION CREDITS FOR FIRST SUBJECT; ADDITIONAL ONE-QUARTER MILLION CREDITS FOR OTHER FIVE. VERIFICATION: RETINAL OR CALCIUM SCAN PROOF OF IDENTITY REQUIRED; EYES OR TEETH SUFFICIENT.

JAKOSA LONE: FORMER OFFICER, SIRIUS FLEET; COMMISSIONED SECOND IN CLASS; LATER FREELANCE AGENT.

SPECIALIZATION: VARIOUS.

DANGER PROFILE: EXTREME.

CURRENT STATUS: FUGITIVE.

ZEMATIN-LAR: FORMER OFFICER, SIRIUS FLEET; LATER FREELANCE AGENT.

SPECIALIZATION: COMPUTERS; SOLENOID INTELLIGENCES.

DANGER PROFILE: EXTREME.

CURRENT STATUS: FUGITIVE.

NOTE: MAY BE DISGUISED IN NEW BODY.

STARN: FORMER OFFICER, SIRIUS FLEET; LATER FREELANCE AGENT.

SPECIALIZATION: WEAPONS.

DANGER PROFILE: EXTREME.

CURRENT STATUS: FUGITIVE.

GROD: RAKOSIAN; FREELANCE AGENT.

SPECIALIZATION: PILOT; DRIVE MECHANICS/ ENGINEERING.

DANGER PROFILE: UNPREDICTABLE.

CURRENT STATUS: ALIEN FUGITIVE.

LAMASQUE: CIVILIAN ADJUTANT; LATER FREELANCE AGENT.

SPECIALIZATION: MEDIC; ANTHROPOLOGY; ALIEN CULTURES.

DANGER PROFILE: UNPREDICTABLE.

CURRENT STATUS: FUGITIVE.

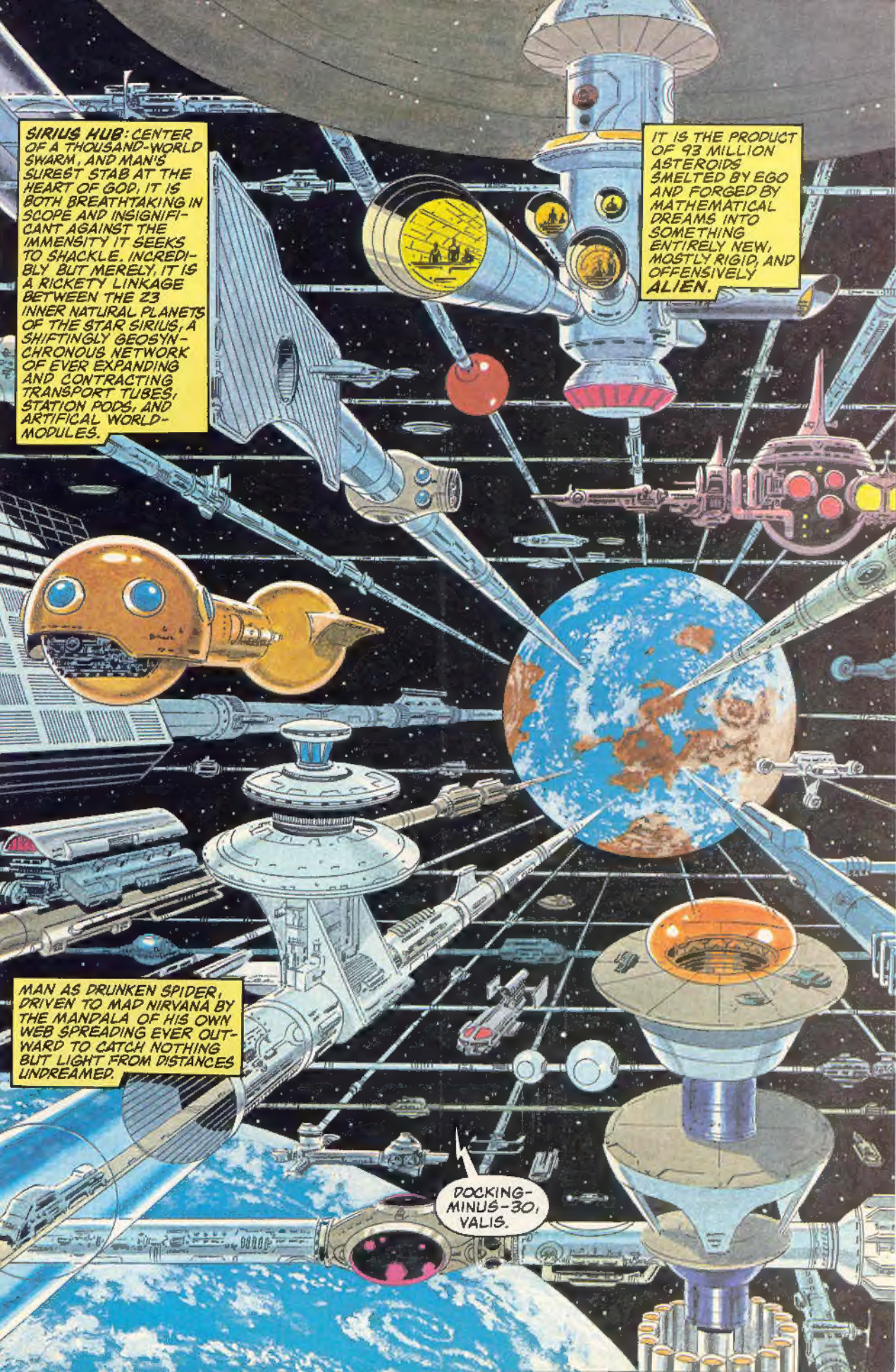
SKREED: FREELANCE AGENT.

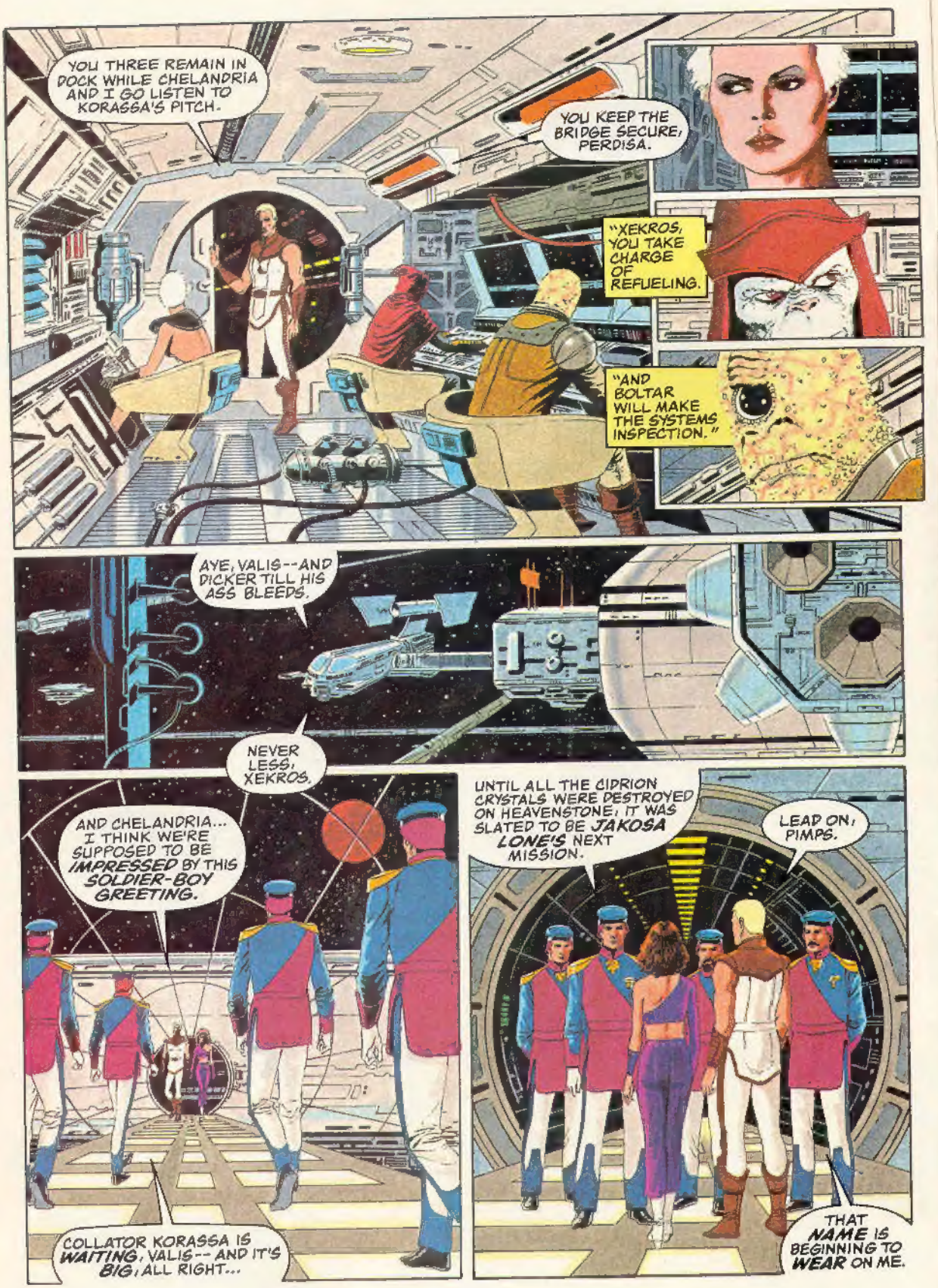
SPECIALIZATION: HISTORY; MYTHS/POETRY; EXPLOSIVES.

DANGER PROFILE: HIGH.

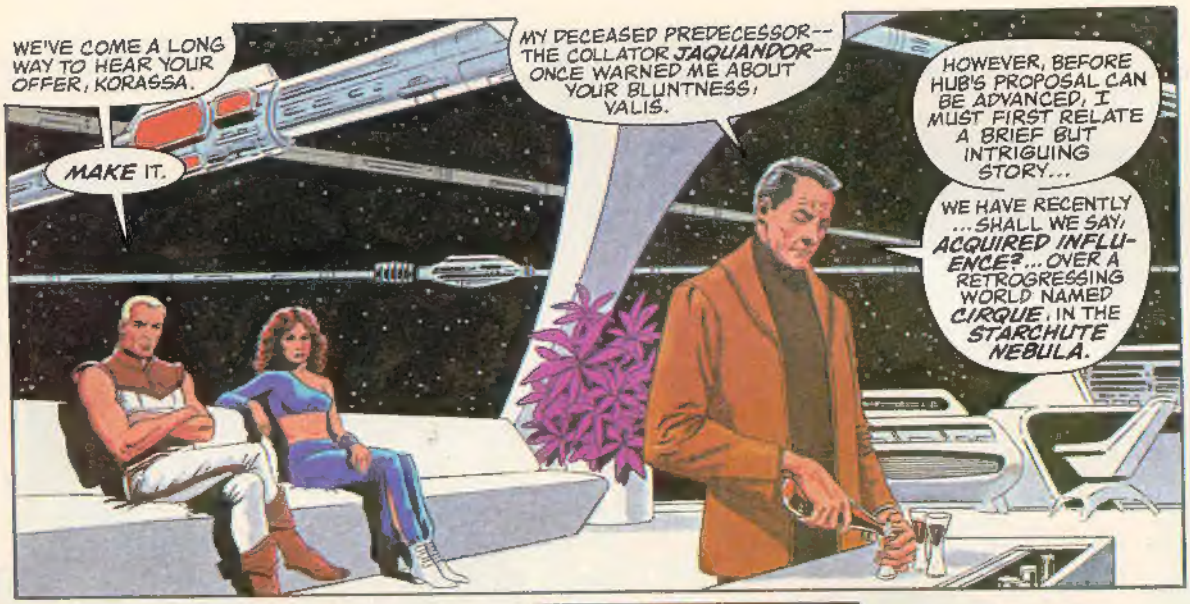
CURRENT STATUS: FUGITIVE.

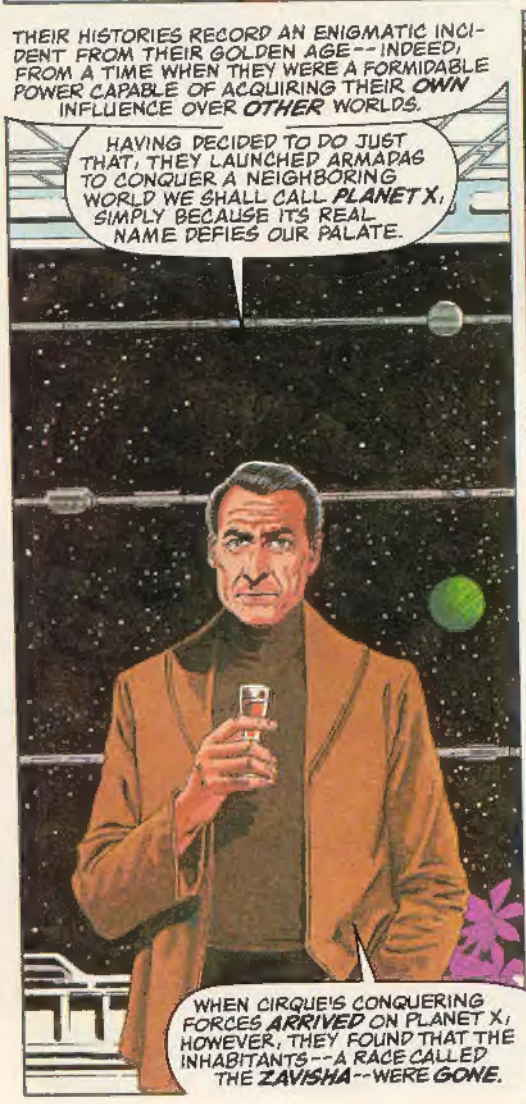
FIGURES.
THE HEAVENSTONE FIASCO.
IT WAS JAKOSA LONE AND HIS NEW TEAM.
WHAT WAS THAT, VALIS?
JUST SCANNING THE HUB CHATTER, CHELANDRIA-- FOUND A FACE FROM THE PAST...
...BURIED IN THE WANTED VIDS.
FRIEND OF YOURS?
NO FRIENDSHIP IS WORTH A HALF-MILLION CREDITS.
THEN WE'RE GOING AFTER BOUNTY?
DEPENDS, CHELA...
FIRST LET'S HEAR WHY HUB CALLED US IN.
CONSIDERING THEY WOULDN'T TRUST IT TO TRANSMISSION FREQUENCIES--
--IT JUST MIGHT BE A LOT BIGGER THAN BOUNTY.
DOCKING-MINUS-80, VALIS.
TIME TO JOIN THE OTHERS, NIGHT-WOMAN ... IF YOU CAN STOMACH IT.
YOU'VE BRACED ME QUITE NICELY VALIS--EVEN FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT XEKROS AND PERDISA STREL.
AND BOLTAR? HE'S LOST HIS REPUGNANCE?
I NEED SOME THREAT TO KEEP YOU SHARP, NOW DON'T I?


SIRIUS HUB: CENTER OF A THOUSAND-WORLD SWARM, AND MAN'S SUREST STAB AT THE HEART OF GOD; IT IS BOTH BREATHTAKING IN SCOPE AND INSIGNIFICANT AGAINST THE IMMENSITY IT SEEKS TO SHACKLE. INCREDIBLY BUT MERELY, IT IS A RICKETY LINKAGE BETWEEN THE 23 INNER NATURAL PLANETS OF THE STAR SIRIUS, A SHIFTINGLY GEOSYNCHRONOUS NETWORK OF EVER EXPANDING AND CONTRACTING TRANSPORT TUBES, STATION PODS, AND ARTIFICAL WORLD-MODULES.
IT IS THE PRODUCT OF 93 MILLION ASTEROIDS SMELTED BY EGO AND FORGED BY MATHEMATICAL DREAMS INTO SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW, MOSTLY RIGID, AND OFFENSIVELY ALIEN.
MAN AS DRUNKEN SPIDER, DRIVEN TO MAD NIRVANA BY THE MANDALA OF HIS OWN WEB SPREADING EVER OUTWARD TO CATCH NOTHING BUT LIGHT FROM DISTANCES UNDREAMED.
DOCKING-MINUS-30, VALIS.


YOU THREE REMAIN IN DOCK WHILE CHELANDRIA AND I GO LISTEN TO KORASSA'S PITCH.
YOU KEEP THE BRIDGE SECURE, PERDISA.
"XEKROS, YOU TAKE CHARGE OF REFUELING.
"AND BOLTAR WILL MAKE THE SYSTEMS INSPECTION."
AYE, VALIS--AND DICKER TILL HIS ASS BLEEDS.
NEVER LESS, XEKROS.
AND CHELANDRIA... I THINK WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IMPRESSED BY THIS SOLDIER-BOY GREETING.
COLLATOR KORASSA IS WAITING, VALIS-- AND IT'S BIG, ALL RIGHT...
UNTIL ALL THE CIDRION CRYSTALS WERE DESTROYED ON HEAVENSTONE, IT WAS SLATED TO BE JAKOSA LONE'S NEXT MISSION.
LEAD ON, PIMPS.
THAT NAME IS BEGINNING TO WEAR ON ME.

JAKOSA... HE'S THE KEY, RIGHT ENOUGH.
WHAT DO WE DO WHEN WE GET BACK TO HUB?
DO WE SIMPLY RESIGN--OR TRY TO PAY SIRIUS BACK SOMEHOW?
EITHER WAY, SKREED, DON'T LOOK FOR A CHEERY WELCOME.
FIRST THING TO DO IS FIND A FAX-MAN LAB...
THE SOONER WE GET ZEMATIN-LAR OUT OF THAT PHAEDRA SHELL AND INTO A DUPE OF HER OWN BODY, THE LESS JAKOSA WILL BE REMINDED OF THE WOMAN HE LOST TWICE AND--
YOU CAN STOP WHISPERING, BECAUSE I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO WHEN WE--
BEEBEEBEEB
SIRIAN CRUISER, JAKOSA--CLOSING FAST!
OPEN COMMUNICATION, ZEMMIE--NOW!
LET THEM KNOW THAT DESPITE OUR SHIP, WE'RE NOT BALSAMOITES!

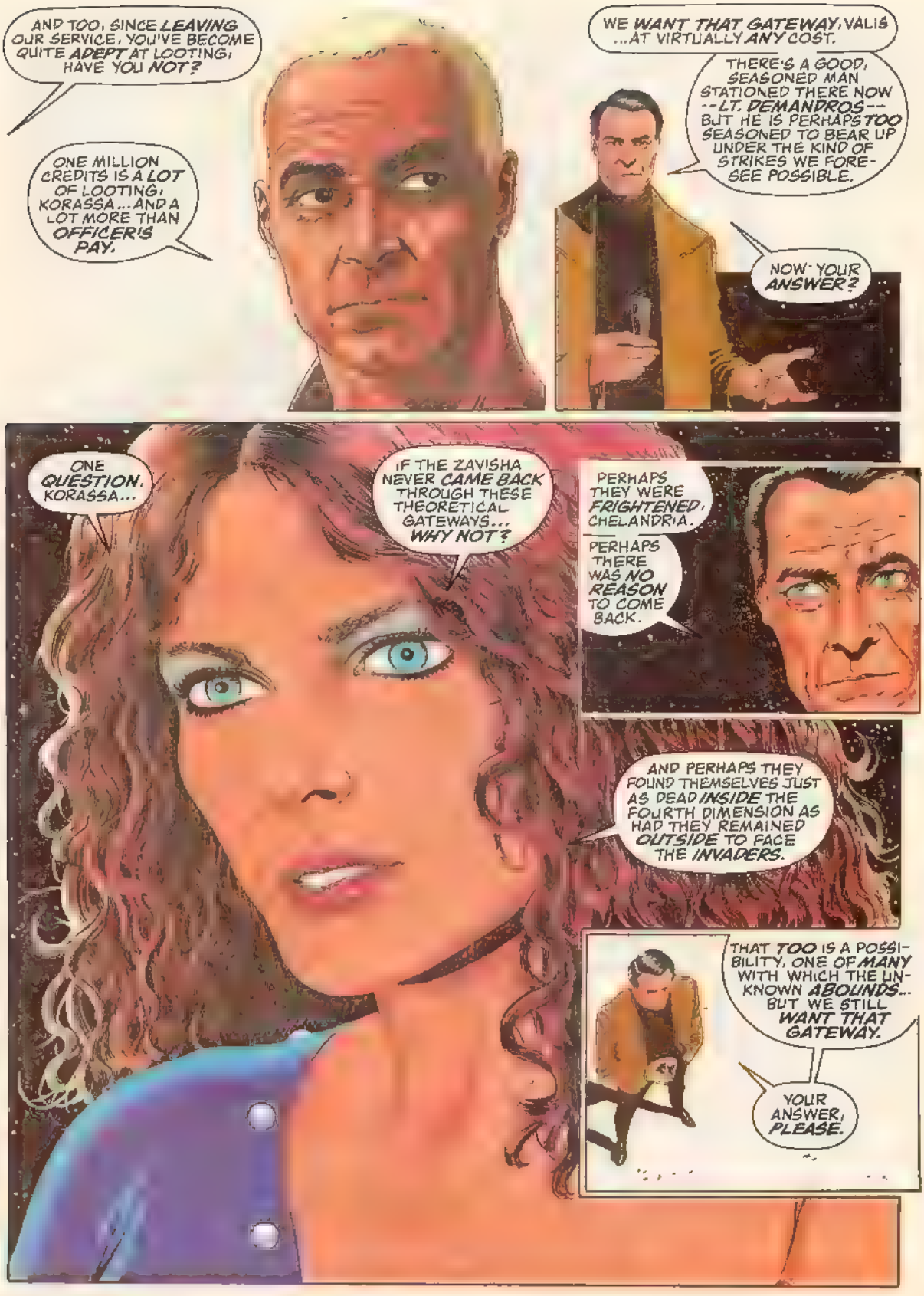

WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TO HEAR YOUR OFFER, KORASSA.
MAKE IT.
MY DECEASED PREDECESSOR--THE COLLATOR JAQUANDOR--ONCE WARNED ME ABOUT YOUR BLUNTNESS, VALIS.
HOWEVER, BEFORE HUB'S PROPOSAL CAN BE ADVANCED, I MUST FIRST RELATE A BRIEF BUT INTRIGUING STORY...
WE HAVE RECENTLY ...SHALL WE SAY, ACQUIRED INFLUENCE?... OVER A RETROGRESSING WORLD NAMED CIRQUE, IN THE STARCHUTE NEBULA.


THEIR HISTORIES RECORD AN ENIGMATIC INCIDENT FROM THEIR GOLDEN AGE--INDEED, FROM A TIME WHEN THEY WERE A FORMIDABLE POWER CAPABLE OF ACQUIRING THEIR OWN INFLUENCE OVER OTHER WORLDS.
HAVING DECIDED TO DO JUST THAT, THEY LAUNCHED ARMADAS TO CONQUER A NEIGHBORING WORLD WE SHALL CALL PLANET X, SIMPLY BECAUSE ITS REAL NAME DEFIES OUR PALATE.
WHEN CIRQUE'S CONQUERING FORCES ARRIVED ON PLANET X, HOWEVER, THEY FOUND THAT THE INHABITANTS--A RACE CALLED THE ZAVISHA--WERE GONE.

THE PLANET WAS UTTERLY DESERTED--ALL CITIES AND MACHINES INTACT AND FULLY FUNCTIONAL, BUT NOT A SINGLE ZAVISHA DEAD OR ALIVE ANYWHERE.
THEY HAD SIMPLY BUT QUITE MYSTERIOUSLY... VANISHED.
WHAT DOES THIS SUGGEST TO YOU, VALIS?
THAT THE ZAVISHA SOMEHOW LEARNED OF THE IMPENDING INVASION, AND FLED BEFORE THE ARMADAS ARRIVED.
ALL OF THE ZAVISHA? ON SUCH SHORT NOTICE? IMPOSSIBLE. BESIDES, SUCH A MASSIVE OFF-PLANET MIGRATION COULD HARDLY HAVE GONE UNDETECTED.
NO, VALIS, THE SOLUTION MUST BE FAR MORE STUNNING...
...AND IT SUGGESTS THAT THE ZAVISHA HAD SUCCEEDED IN UNLOCKING THE MULTI-PLANE MATRIX--HAD DEVELOPED A GATEWAY TO THE FOURTH DIMENSION--AND HAD FLED INWARD.
AND THAT MEANS, WHETHER THEY REALIZED IT OR NOT, THEY HAD INVENTED THE MEANS FOR STORING ARMIES IN ONE'S POCKET.

AGAIN, ZEMMIE!
REPEAT: THIS BALSAMO CRAFT IS IN THE COMMAND OF JAKOSA LONE OF SIRIUS HUB!
DO YOU RECEIVE?
NO USE, JAKOSA! THEY JUST KEEP COMING... AND I'M AFRAID THEY'RE ABOUT TO--
"--ATTACK!"
HELLFIRE AND DAMNATION!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH THOSE SONS OF--
CRIPPLED, JAKOSA-- CONTROLS HALF-DEAD.
THEN RETURN FIRE, GROD, AND MAKE IT GOOD-- BEFORE THEY TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER HALF!
THEY'RE DEAD IN THE VOID, JAKOSA, BUT WE'RE STILL CRIPPLED.
THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO BOARD AND CANNIBALIZE THE SIRIAN HULK, GROD...
...SEE IF, BETWEEN THE TWO SHIPS, WE CAN'T COBBLE TOGETHER SOMETHING THAT MOVES.

AND I SUPPOSE AN ARMY WOULD FEEL NICE IN YOUR POCKET, KORASSA?
THINK ABOUT IT, VALIS--ONE SMALL SHIP CARRYING REGIMENTS OF THOUSANDS.
EVEN BEYOND MILITARY APPLICATIONS THINK OF CARGO TRANSPORT.
WHERE IS THIS GATEWAY NOW, KORASSA?
PLURAL, CHELANDRIA--THERE HAD TO BE MORE THAN ONE; PERHAPS HUNDREDS... YET EVEN THOUGH THE INVADERS OCCUPIED PLANET X FOR A YEAR--
--LOOTING EVERYTHING THEY COULD CARRY AND LEAVING THE REST TO CRUMBLE ..NOT A SINGLE GATEWAY WAS EVER FOUND.
AND NOW YOU'D LIKE TO TRY YOUR HAND AT LOOTING, KORASSA?
THERE ARE ALREADY FIFTY SIRIAN ARCHEOLOGICAL TEAMS EVACUATING A SINGLE PRIME CITY ON PLANET X.
LEAVING ROOM FOR MY TEAM WHERE?
OUR OPERATION HAS NATURALLY ATTRACTED ATTENTION... AND OTHERS MAY WELL BE INTERESTED IN SUCH A GATEWAY...
WE SHOULD LIKE TO EMPLOY YOUR TEAM OF SO-CALLED "GHOST-MAKERS" TO HEAD UP SECURITY OF THE EXCAVATIONS--ONE MILLION CREDITS UPON SUCCESSFUL COMPLETION.
YOU WANT ME BACK IN SIRIAN SERVICE--AFTER KICKING ME OUT OF SAME?
YOUR DISCHARGE WAS A RESULT OF INDEPENDENCE AND INSUBORDINATION; OF REFUSAL TO PERFORM BY THE RULES--PRECISELY THE QUALITIES NOW RECOMMENDING YOU FOR THIS JOB.


AND TOO, SINCE LEAVING OUR SERVICE, YOU'VE BECOME QUITE ADEPT AT LOOTING; HAVE YOU NOT?
ONE MILLION CREDITS IS A LOT OF LOOTING, KORASSA... AND A LOT MORE THAN OFFICER'S PAY.
WE WANT THAT GATEWAY, VALIS ...AT VIRTUALLY ANY COST.
THERE'S A GOOD, SEASONED MAN STATIONED THERE NOW --LT. DEMANDROS-- BUT HE IS PERHAPS TOO SEASONED TO BEAR UP UNDER THE KIND OF STRIKES WE FORE-SEE POSSIBLE.
NOW: YOUR ANSWER?
ONE QUESTION, KORASSA...
IF THE ZAVISHA NEVER CAME BACK THROUGH THESE THEORETICAL GATEWAYS... WHY NOT?
PERHAPS THEY WERE FRIGHTENED, CHELANDRIA.
PERHAPS THERE WAS NO REASON TO COME BACK.
AND PERHAPS THEY FOUND THEMSELVES JUST AS DEAD INSIDE THE FOURTH DIMENSION AS HAD THEY REMAINED OUTSIDE TO FACE THE INVADERS.
THAT TOO IS A POSSI-BILITY, ONE OF MANY WITH WHICH THE UN-KNOWN ABOUNDS... BUT WE STILL WANT THAT GATEWAY.
YOUR ANSWER, PLEASE.

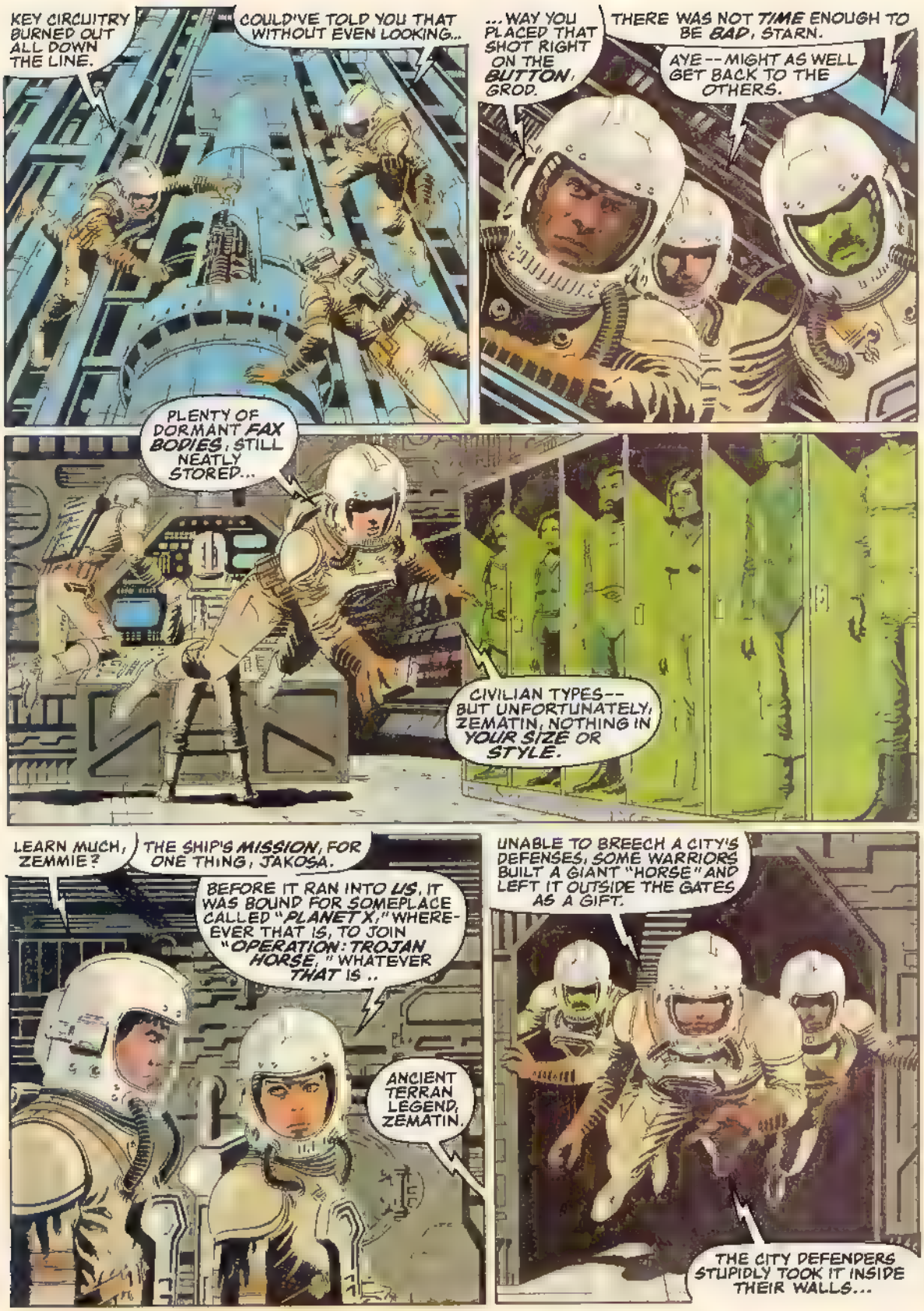
THEIR AUXILIARY POWER'S STILL ON; SO WE MAY HAVE *SOME* LUCK.

GROD, STARN, SKREED--YOU THREE CHECK THE DRIVE SYSTEM FOR ANYTHING USABLE.

ZEMATIN--RAPE THEIR COMPUTER

LAMASQUE AND I WILL EXPLORE THE *REST* OF THE SHIP.

AND BE ON GUARD FOR ANY SURVIVORS--*ALL* OF YOU.


KEY CIRCUITRY BURNED OUT ALL DOWN THE LINE.
COULD'VE TOLD YOU THAT WITHOUT EVEN LOOKING..
...WAY YOU PLACED THAT SHOT RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, GROD.
THERE WAS NOT TIME ENOUGH TO BE BAD, STARN.
AYE--MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE OTHERS.
PLENTY OF DORMANT FAX BODIES, STILL NEATLY STORED...
CIVILIAN TYPES--BUT UNFORTUNATELY, ZEMATIN, NOTHING IN YOUR SIZE OR STYLE.
LEARN MUCH, ZEMMIE?
THE SHIP'S MISSION, FOR ONE THING, JAKOSA.
BEFORE IT RAN INTO US, IT WAS BOUND FOR SOMEPLACE CALLED "PLANET X," WHEREEVER THAT IS, TO JOIN "OPERATION: TROJAN HORSE," WHATEVER THAT IS..
ANCIENT TERRAN LEGEND, ZEMATIN.
UNABLE TO BREECH A CITY'S DEFENSES, SOME WARRIORS BUILT A GIANT "HORSE" AND LEFT IT OUTSIDE THE GATES AS A GIFT.
THE CITY DEFENDERS STUPIDLY TOOK IT INSIDE THEIR WALLS...

IT WAS HOLLOW--AND FILLED WITH THE WARRIORS FROM OUTSIDE.
THAT FITS, SINCE THE APPARENT OBJECTIVE OF THE MISSION IS TO LOCATE A GATEWAY TO THE FOURTH DIMENSION.
HUB'S BEEN CHASING THAT FANTASY AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER.
FANTASY OR NOT, THIS "PLANET X" CAN'T BE FAR--SINCE THEY HAD TO BE CRUISING OUT-OF-DRIVE TO SPOT US.
WHAT ELSE, ZEMMIE?
WELL, WE'RE NOW COLLECTIVELY WORTH A HALF-MILLION CREDITS --ALIVE PREFERRED, DEAD ACCEPTABLE.
AND SINCE THEY WERE UNFAMILIAR WITH OUR BALSAMO SHIP, THEY DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES.
THEIR MISTAKE.
INCOMING MESSAGE RIGHT NOW...
BE ADVISED: VALIS AND "GHOST-TAKERS" EN ROUTE TO PLANET X TO ASSUME COMMAND OF SECURITY FORCES. DO NOT CHALLENGE THEIR APPROACH
VALIS!
YOU REACTING TO REPUTATION, JAKOSA, OR SOMETHING MORE PERSONAL?
ALL THE SAME TO ME, STARN.
I WATCHED HIS REPUTATION BEING BORN.

THIS JAKOSA LONE MUST BE *GOOD*, VALIS.

SECOND IN HIS CLASS DURING TRAINING.

ONLY *SECOND?*

HE WAS IN *MY* CLASS, CHELANDRIA.

AND YOU STILL MANAGED TO BECOME FRIENDS?

NEVER QUITE *FRIENDS.*

HE WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO BE MY EQUAL OR SUPERIOR, BUT HE WAS TOO GOOD TO WALK IN MY SHADOW.

HE LOOKED UP TO ME, OR AT LEAST TO MY ACHIEVEMENTS.

I WAS A *GOAL* FOR HIM.

DID HE EVER *ATTAIN* THAT GOAL?

HE WAS NEVER QUITE INDEPENDENT ENOUGH, AND CERTAINLY NEVER RUTHLESS ENOUGH.

FOR HIM, THERE WERE *TOO* MANY THINGS MORE IMPORTANT THAN WINNING.

YOU MIGHT SAY HE WAS *TOO* GOOD, LISTENING TO HIS SUPERIORS *TOO MUCH.*

AND YET, NOW HE'S MADE A *BREAK* FROM HUB.

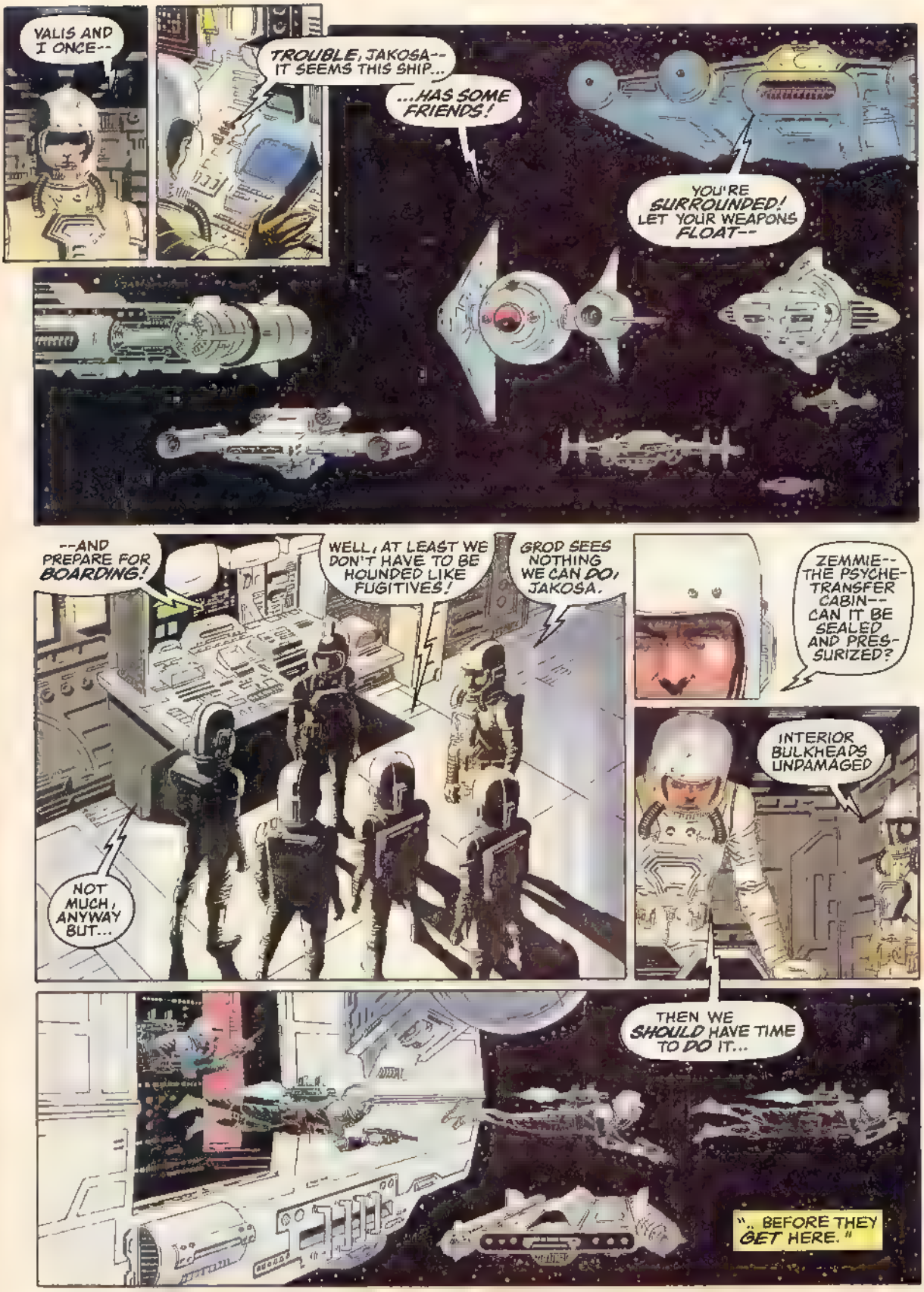
A *BIG* BREAK.

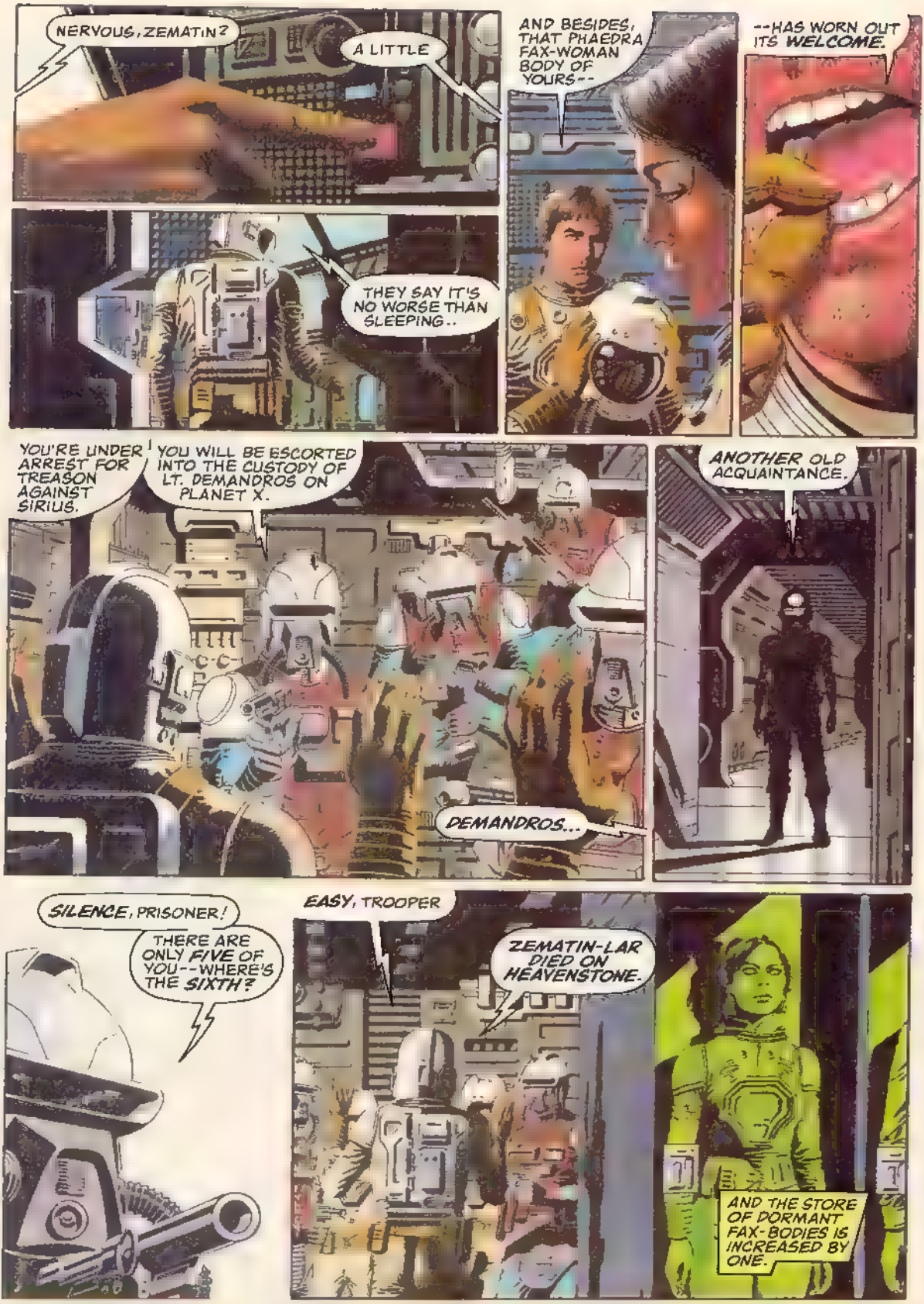
AND WE'RE GOING TO PICK UP THE PIECES HE LEFT BEHIND? TAKE ON HIS NEXT SCHEDULED MISSION?

EAT HIS LEFTOVERS?

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK, CHELA?

I THINK WE SHOULD GET RICH, VALIS... VERY, *VERY* RICH.


VALIS AND I ONCE--
TROUBLE, JAKOSA-- IT SEEMS THIS SHIP...
...HAS SOME FRIENDS!
YOU'RE SURROUNDED! LET YOUR WEAPONS FLOAT--
--AND PREPARE FOR BOARDING!
WELL, AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO BE HOUNDED LIKE FUGITIVES!
GROD SEES NOTHING WE CAN DO, JAKOSA.
NOT MUCH, ANYWAY BUT...
ZEMMIE-- THE PSYCHE-TRANSFER CABIN-- CAN IT BE SEALED AND PRES-SURIZED?
INTERIOR BULKHEADS UNDAMAGED
THEN WE SHOULD HAVE TIME TO DO IT...
"... BEFORE THEY GET HERE."

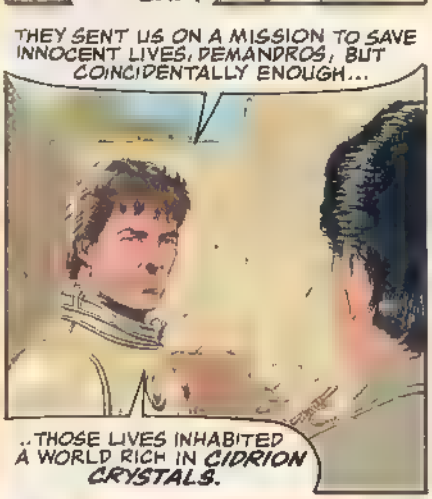

NERVOUS, ZEMATIN?
A LITTLE
THEY SAY IT'S NO WORSE THAN SLEEPING..
AND BESIDES, THAT PHAEDRA FAX-WOMAN BODY OF YOURS--
--HAS WORN OUT ITS WELCOME.
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR TREASON AGAINST SIRIUS.
YOU WILL BE ESCORTED INTO THE CUSTODY OF LT. DEMANDROS ON PLANET X.
DEMANDROS...
ANOTHER OLD ACQUAINTANCE.
SILENCE, PRISONER!
THERE ARE ONLY FIVE OF YOU--WHERE'S THE SIXTH?
EASY, TROOPER
ZEMATIN-LAR DIED ON HEAVENSTONE.
AND THE STORE OF DORMANT FAX-BODIES IS INCREASED BY ONE.

"DEFENSE SHIP 5 TO SECURITY BASE --INCOMING WITH PRISONERS."
FIVE OF THE RENEGADES WANTED BY HUB, LT. DEMANDROS.
THEY DESTROYED AN INCOMING TEAM OF ARCHEOLOGISTS BEFORE WE TOOK THEM.
LIEUTENANT DEMANDROS SAYS NOTHING FOR A LONG WHILE.

SEVEN THOUSAND YEARS AFTER THE OVERLADEN ARMADAS OF CIRQUE DEPARTED MUCH RICHER AND WITHOUT A SCRATCH, PLANET X HAS AGAIN SUFFERED INVASION.
LITTLE HAS CHANGED, SAVE THAT WROUGHT BY TIME AND EROSION
NOW, AS IN THE REMOTE PAST, THE ONLY STRUGGLE IS AGAINST STONE.
A SHIP! MAYBE THEY'RE BRINGING A NEW SUPPLY OF HOLOS AND--
IT'S ONLY ONE OF THE DEFENSE SHIPS--GET BACK TO WORK.
DEMANDROS WILL TAKE CARE OF IT.
THEN: DIGGERS SHOULD NEVER SEEK GLORY ANYWHERE BUT UNDER THE GROUND--ATTEMPTING OTHERWISE ONLY BRINGS THEM CLOSER TO THEIR WORK.
VERY WELL--I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO ESCORT THE PRISONERS TO A SUITABLY DUSTY CELL.
IS THIS ANY WAY TO GREET AN OLD FRIEND, DEMANDROS?
YOU CAN'T MAKE IT ANY WORSE, JAKOSA, SO DON'T EVEN TRY...

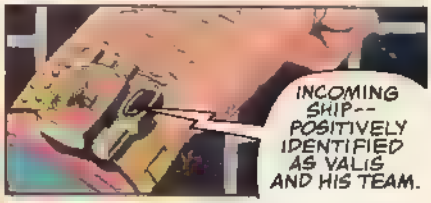
YOU WERE A GOOD OFFICER, AND MAYBE A BETTER MAN--I'LL REGRET CLAIMING YOUR BOUNTY, LONE
THEN DON'T, DEMANDROS. YOU'RE ONLY THE COMMANDER HERE--LET YOUR MEN COLLECT IT, THE ONES WHO ACTUALLY TOOK US.
YOU REALLY HAVE GIVEN THE BOOT TO PROTOCOL, HAVEN'T YOU, JAKOSA?

DECLARING YOUR INDEPENDENCE MUST BE SATISFYING ON THAT SCORE, AT LEAST.
BUT IS HUB REALLY ALL THAT BAD?


THEY SENT US ON A MISSION TO SAVE INNOCENT LIVES, DEMANDROS, BUT COINCIDENTALLY ENOUGH...
..THOSE LIVES INHABITED A WORLD RICH IN CIDRION CRYSTALS.

SEEMS THEIR "HIGHER MOTIVES" AMOUNTED TO LITTLE MORE THAN MONEY.
OH, GROW UP, JAKOSA! WHAT DID YOU THINK IT WAS ALL ABOUT?

WHAT DO YOU THINK ANY OF IT'S ALL ABOUT?
MAYBE IT'S ABOUT LIVING, DEMANDROS... WITHOUT REGRET.
DEET DEET DEET


INCOMING SHIP--POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED AS VALIS AND HIS TEAM.

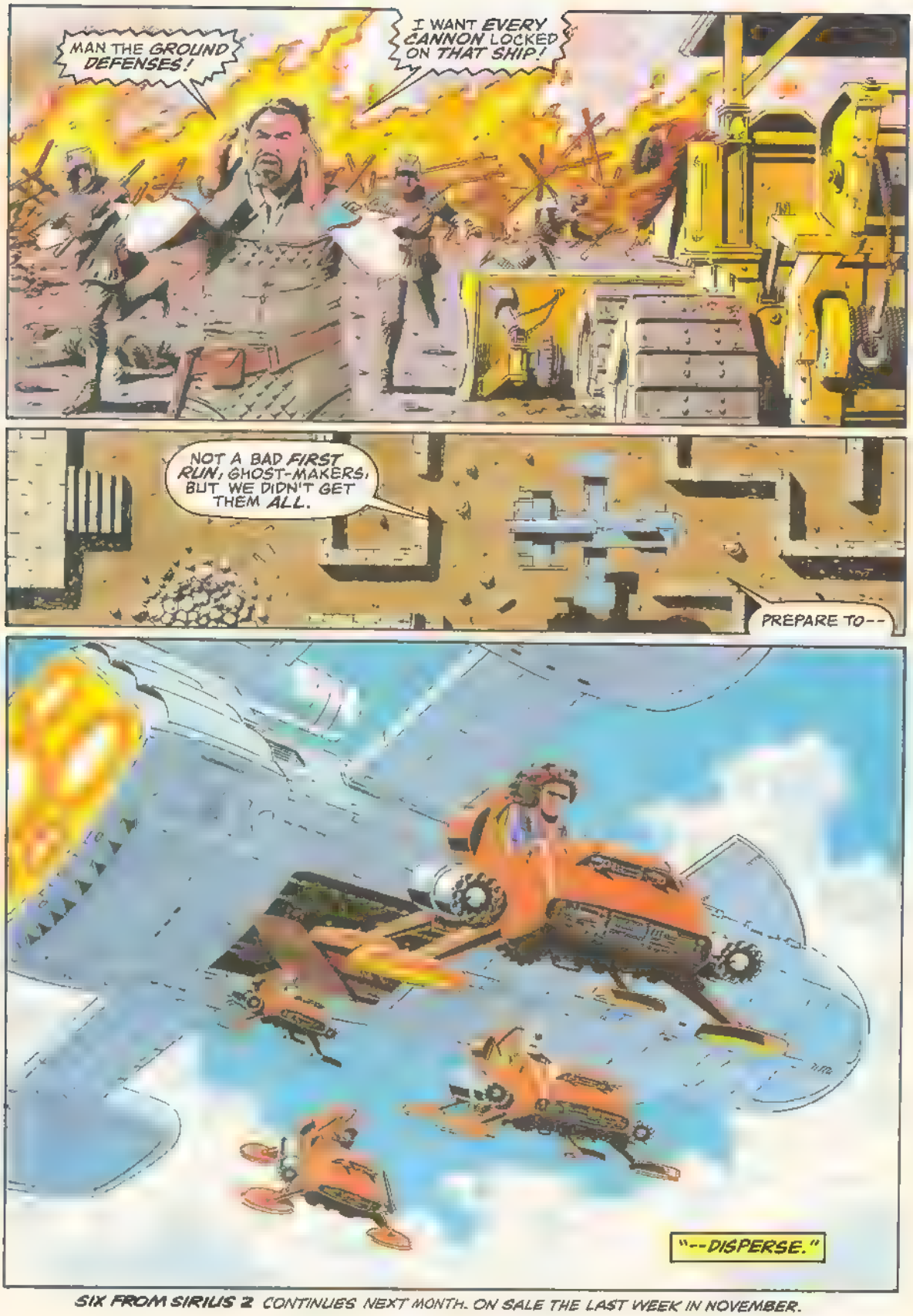
VERY WELL--LET THEM THROUGH THE DEFENSE WEB WITHOUT CHALLENGE
AND YOU, JAKOSA--INTO THE CELL!

MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO CONTINUE OUR PHILOSOPHICAL DEBATE--
I UNDERSTAND, DEMANDROS.
YOU HAVE PROTOCOL TO ATTEND-- WELCOMING VALIS TO SUPERSEDE YOUR COMMAND.
DAMN IT, JAKOSA, I..
YES?
ONE GUARD WILL SUFFICE-- THE REST OF YOU ACCOMPANY ME.
AND, AS DEMANDROS DEPARTS...
...LAMASQUE IMMEDIATELY DRAPES THE BARS, MUSCLES LOOSE, VOICE SOFTLY PURRING.
SO YOU BOYS ARE SEARCHING FOR A GATEWAY TO THE FOURTH DIMENSION...
ONE'LL DO, ALTHOUGH THERE ARE SUPPOSEDLY HUNDREDS-- BUT IF SO, THEY'RE HIDDEN IN A WAY THAT THEY MIGHT AS WELL NOT EXIST.
SHE'S GOT HIM RELAXED, JAKOSA, AND IF I CAN CHUCK MY COMMUNICATOR OUT THROUGH THE BARS, ENOUGH TO FULLY DISTRACT HIM--
--THEN I CAN WHIP MY BELT AROUND HIS THROAT AND--
WORTH A TRY...
...BUT WE'LL NEED A SOUND MORE ALARMING THAN YOUR BOX THUMPING ON DIRT...
THERE, SKREED-- AIM FOR THAT IDOL.

BY ALL THE BARD'S BONES, WHAT IN THE--?
A GATEWAY.. DISGUISED AS A IDOL...
RIGHT OUTSIDE THE CELL.
SAFELY WITHIN PLANETARY DEFENSE NET, VALIS.
RIGHT, BOLTAR--
TIME TO HIT 'EM--
--HARD AND FAST.

WELL, SO MUCH FOR DEMANDROS--HERE COMES VALIS.
YEAH.. AND I HEAR HE'S A REAL BAS--
SHRAK

JAKOSA--! NOW WHAT'S--
BUHKROOM
AGH-H!
THERE GOES OUR GUARD...
EVEN LAMASQUE COULDN'T RELAX HIM THAT MUCH. BUT WHAT'S--
IT SEEMS VALIS ISN'T CONTENT WITH THE HIGH COMMAND, SKREED-- HE WANTS TO OWN THE WHOLE SHOW!
WON'T BE MUCH OF IT LEFT, JAKOSA, IF HE KEEPS UP AT THIS RATE.
SKROOM


MAN THE GROUND DEFENSES!
I WANT EVERY CANNON LOCKED ON THAT SHIP!
NOT A BAD FIRST RUN, GHOST-MAKERS, BUT WE DIDN'T GET THEM ALL.
PREPARE TO--
"--DISPERSE."

SIX FROM SIRIUS 2 CONTINUES NEXT MONTH. ON SALE THE LAST WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

RAUDA

Solomon Jewel Hydrangea